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Undefined



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Chapter 1 by Lex

“Really!? That’s how you feel? You’d throw away all this over some petty little problem?” By this point in my boyfriend’s pointless protest, I know the inevitable is bound to happen so I’m just waiting it out. We’re arguing once again because he claims that while I was away in London for a job he was staying at my house “alone” but I found clothes of his in my laundry and they smelled like perfume, fruity, sensual perfume and I don’t have one like that. He protests I’m his only girl but that’s not what the lipstick on his neck says, or the girl hiding in my closet...

“There’s as much evidence as Sherlock Holmes could find...maybe more because I am not a detective. It’s all clearly here though Nate, the lipstick on your neck declares someone was kissing your neck, the perfume soaked into your clothes means you were extremely close to another female, and last but not least, she’s still here in my closet, she breathes louder than a fat guy going up a flight of stairs. Explain that to me Nathaniel? Why is she in my house, in my closet?” The look on his face was stunned...baffled even. I was more disappointed than anything and mainly with myself because this is what happens when you date the party boy and don’t give him what he asks of you. I can’t believe I let this go on, but it ends now.

“Get out Nate, grab your things, take your shirt and get out of my apartment now, I don’t ever want to see your face again and I will never speak your name, don’t even think about me or so help me I will scold you inside my head I chuckled because with my heavy B because with my heavy B when I’m mad. He scurried off as fast as you can say ‘Molasses’ and into the room I wasn’t there but I’m sure the first thing he did was get dressed then grab his things and finally grab the girl last. She was

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clinging onto him as she passed by me, giving me dirty looks as if she knew she was better than me, and I wanted so bad to hurt her, I wanted to hurt them both but I knew better than that. The minute he walked out of my door I slammed it shut and immediately started to delicately remove my sheets so I could toss them in the wash, then I opened my closet and began searching through my wardrobe for anything of his I had. I pulled out a sweater, a shirt, a hat, and some sparkly jewelry, I tossed the clothing in the trash and flushed the jewelry, I grabbed the few photos we had and I opened my window, seeing the two of them standing there...I couldn't help it, I tossed the three photos at them and they shattered and splintered into pieces, Nate and his Mistress screamed and panicked and ran away. I picked up my phone and called my best friend, it may have been three a.m. but I knew, if my best friend knew I was home and he had his phone (which he always does) he'd pick up his phone. It rang three times before he picked up, and I could still hear the sleep in his tone, his voice deep and rough. It was great to hear his voice, I've been away on a five hour time difference in London for the last two weeks. Just his simple sleepy "Hello Lia" is enough to put a wide bright smile on my face, and a sparkly, salty stream of tears down my cheeks.

"H-hi Ian" was all I could manage to say between my muffled sobs, but Alex knew me well enough by now that I didn't have to say anything else for him to understand what was wrong with me.

Chapter 2 by Lex



"Oh no...Nathaniel again isn't it Lia?" no longer half asleep his voice was stern and strong and it was easy to tell Ian was angry, he always told me Nate was no good for me and I never listened so it's only reasonable that Alex would be the one to hate him...after I'd given him so many chances.

"I'm gonna go shower and then try to get some sleep, it's been a long flight and a long day, you come over in the morning alright?" my voice was shaking and trembling with every word and I knew Ian could tell, a soft sigh escaped his lips and I heard it faintly through the phone, this meant he wasn't happy or comfortable with me being alone and he knew I probably wouldn't get any sleep without him.

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pulled up the lever which changed the pipes from bath to shower and let it reach its full temperature while I went to the front door, twisting the top lock gingerly until it clicked which meant it was unlocked then I made my way back into the bathroom for my bath. I poured lavender and peppermint scented oils into the tub then I began to slowly undress removing every individual article of clothing one by one carefully. I hadn't noticed until now just how sore I actually was and just how much my muscles actually ached and throbbed just like a heartbeat, I let down my long, soft, messy lavender colored hair and stepped into the shower and let all of the water cascade and teem down my back. I poured about a quarter sized amount of coconut scented shampoo into my hands and rubbed them together, then I lathered it into my scalp until my entire head was foamy, I rinsed it all out and grabbed my matching body wash, pouring some onto my blue rose petal shaped body sponge and washed my entire body, I poured some conditioner into my hair and scrubbed it throughout my head then I rinsed it out as well. I reached down and twisted both of the water knobs to 'off' then I stepped out gingerly onto the icy cold tile floors...I would wonder why I've been in this house for three years and have yet to buy a rug for my bathroom, but I already know it's because I'm barely home as it is.

Ian is here now making a pot of green tea, I'm dressed in a green hoodie, a pair of black leggings, and purple fluffy knee high socks, and 'The Nightmare Before Christmas' is playing on TV. Once the tea is finished and there's a teaspoon of honey and a cluster of sugar in the two cups, Ian drops onto the plush cushion next to me and hands me my cup with warm hands and warm eyes. He wraps an arm around me and I instinctively curl my feet under me and press closer to him, he kisses my forehead and I rest my head on his chest while I watch the movie and hum along to most of the songs. It feels like the movie drags on for hours until I finally doze off to sleep, at some point during my deep sleep Alex moved me, got up, brought over a blanket and pillow, then he laid on the pillow, placed me on his chest like a baby, and covered us both, then he eventually fell asleep.

The sun woke me up, shining directly in my face and illuminating everything in my apartment's mid-sized living room in a soft golden glow. I blinked a few times and noticed Ian was playing with my hair, twisting and twirling it, and running through it with his fingers, I glanced at him

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dimples to expose themselves which caused Ian to stop making faces and stare at me for a rather intense moment. It's rare I smile vibrant enough for my dimples to show up but when I do it's a sight to behold which is the reason I presume he's staring at me.

I glance down once more at his lips then back up into his eyes, he's staring at my lips as well and I think I know where this is going to go, he takes his arms and gently curls them around my hips pulling me up closer to him while he continues to gaze at my soft pink lips. Without thinking I tilt my head toward the right as he does the same, our lips inching closer and closer together, his hand comes up slowly and he brushes his thumb softly against my bottom lip then against my cheek before leaning in and placing his lips on mine and kissing me. There was so much more passion behind one kiss than I could ever imagine, his arms holding me firmer than they were a moment ago as if I was going to slip out of his arms and disappear forever at any given moment.

Chapter 3 by ♥Kitten♥



That kiss. That one, magical kiss. It felt like it lasted forever. If it was to me, it *could* last forever. It felt.. like it was supposed to happen. Like *he* was the one for me. It has always been him. Then he pulled back. My face still hanging in the air, my eyes still closed, my lips longing for more. He was looking at me, at the sun shining at the back of my head. My hair had a golden glow and my lips were a deep shade of pink. When I opened my eyes, my bright green eyes uncovered. He looked deeply into my eyes, as if he was looking into my soul. My stomach turned, and I became dizzy. Is this what true love feels like? He puts his hand on my cheek, and moves it down to my neck, touching every piece of skin he came across delicately. I start to breathe heavily and put my hand on his. He keeps staring into my eyes, and touches me like I was the most precious thing on earth. A way Nathaniel never did. I have always felt some kind of attraction to Alex, but I always thought I didn't deserve him, or that he wasn't interested. I mean.. why would he be? I'm just me. Just Lia. A simple girl. And him, as beautiful as he is. He could never even look at someone like me like *that*. So I settled with cheaty characters like Nathaniel. Even through my path of self-destruction, staying with guys who just hurt me, he has always been there. And now he's here. I'm here. In his arms. Finally everything feels like it should be. I am...happy.

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